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R E G I S T E R

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Latin School Register

VOLUME XXXII., No. 1.

OCTOBER, 1912

ISSUED MONTHLY

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ASSISTANT EDITORS

TO BE APPOINTED ASSOCIATE EDITORS FROM CLASSES II. AND III.

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THE HIGHER LAW

It was, indeed, a gala day in the annals of history, a day which eclipsed all others in glory, not of war, or of carnage, but of eternal peace; for on this day, the last of the Peace Convention, the Great Powers of the world, including the United States, had signed a treaty of peace for ninety-nine years.

The Hague was ablaze with the sober, yet joyous celebration of so memorable an event. Here and there, in the lobbies of the main hotels, were seen groups of men gathered about, some gold-bedeck-

ed, gray-haired officers, who, with the fire again in their eyes, were for perhaps the hundredth time living over the memorable times that were but history to most of their auditors. France, England, America, all had sent their veterans. Even haughty Russia was represented by two of her bravest sons, General Olnoff and Count Samaroff.

The former was of an unusual type. Through conspicuous bravery and fidelity, he had worked his way to a generalship, an achievement which was

generally regarded as impossible. His fellow-country-man was a nobleman who had also displayed soldierly qualities. They were very popular with the other generals and always had an appreciative audience when they told some tale of Russian military life.

On the evening of the last day of the convention, Olnoff grew personal in his tale. He began unbidden.

"When I was a sergeant," he commenced, "I had a pretty lively adventure." His auditors at once gathered round him, while he paused to puff at his big black cigar. "I'll never forget it as long as I live. If the law had taken its course," he mused reflectively,— "but it didn't." He drew a deep breath and took another puff at his cigar.

"Well, it was about thirty-three years ago," he said; "so it may be pretty hazy in my memory."

"One of our greatest powder magazines is in a deep pit. There are thousands of pounds of gun-powder stored in this pit, which is, of course, constantly under guard. Every precaution is taken to eliminate the chance of explosion; and one of these precautions is the prohibition of smoking while on guard duty, under penalty of death.

"As a sergeant, I was exempt from guard duty, but one evening, it so happened that I had to go on guard duty myself. I had had an attack of melancholia during the evening, and it was with much grumbling that I went to my post, nearly a half-mile from the camp.

"I had been on duty about two hours when the melancholy feeling seized me again. Now the guard's duty is to patrol the ledge which is around the wall of

the pit, inside it and about ten feet below the surface of the plain. I, however, stopped, took out a cigarette and, entirely unaware of my surroundings, calmly began to smoke, meanwhile leaning on the end of my rifle and absently regarding the death-like blackness below.

"How long I stood thus, I cannot tell; but, as the awful truth struck me: that I had committed a breach of regulations punishable by death, I quickly put out the cigarette and instinctively glanced upwards. There, on the plain, ten feet above me, at the edge of the pit, stood an officer. His arms were folded and he was calmly watching me. As his piercing gray eyes met mine, I felt a chill run down my spine and hard as I tried, I couldn't open my mouth to say a word. Finally he spoke:

"'You were smoking?'

"I nodded.

"'Why?'

"I hesitated a moment, then launched forth into my tale. I told him of my melancholia, of the circumstance which forced me to go on guard, of my loneliness, finally how unconscious I had been of my surroundings when I began to smoke. Meanwhile the officer's gray eyes were fixed steadily upon me. When I had finished, he asked my rank, my company, and a host of other questions. All this he wrote down in a little book. As he stood there on the plain above, I could hear, above the scratching of his pencil, my heart beating. My gun was in my hand, but I could scarcely hold it upright, with the hot sweat covering my palms. He spoke to me again, this time warning me not to smoke again, turned and walked towards the camp.

"At that moment a thought came to me. I would kill him! Here in my hand was a loaded gun; after firing it, I could reload it and no one would know the difference. 'He won't live to tell anybody what he's seen,' I cried.

"I climbed up the ladder till my eyes were a little above the level of the plain. I could see the figure of the officer walking slowly towards the camp, his head bowed down and his arms clasped behind him.

"While I understood that the deed I was about to do certainly was not justifiable in the eyes of the law, I tried to make it so in my own eyes. It was his life against my own, I reasoned; and now that I had an opportunity, why should I not take advantage of it?

"'I might be questioned,' argued my better self.

"'My story would be simple,' I replied. 'I had heard a shot and had climbed up to the plain. By the moonlight (there was a very bright moon that night) I saw a body lying prostrate on the ground and saw a figure fleeing toward the village, that is away from the camp. I could not leave my post, hence did not pursue the murderer.' At last I awoke from the train of reasoning and firmly nestled the butt end of my rifle against my shoulder, preparing to aim. I recalled his every feature as he had stood above me, his face illuminated by the soft rays of the moon. I recalled how boyish he looked, how smooth his face was, how handsome he was, this boy! His father, I reflected, must be a haughty noble, perhaps a duke; who could know? And his mother—There I faltered. My hand actually shook, I, who had been promoted to a

sergeancy for marksmanship and who was generally accorded to be the best rifle-shot in the regiment! Yes, I faltered, for I recalled why I had entered the army when I had had a chance to escape to America, golden America where I was told, there was boundless wealth that anyone might have for almost literally the asking; but I had considered that the little farm and house, all that remained to my poor, widowed mother in this world, would be mercilessly taken away from her in the event of my not appearing for military service. So I had stayed.

"That, I reflected, was why I was where I was. What would my mother say if—I couldn't finish the sentence, not even in thought! *He* might have a mother, too, I thought, and what would *she* say if—. The very silence was eloquent.

"When I looked up again, there was no sign of the officer and I climbed down again to my solitary post. An hour later I was relieved and went back to camp.

"That night I did not sleep. Who could sleep with such agony literally rending his bosom apart? Suddenly, as passion again pervaded me, I was seized with a fierce feeling of remorse, not for the deed I had done, but for the deed I had not done. So fiendish was my passion that I beat my breast and tore my hair because I hadn't killed the man. I raved madly yet silently.

"'Why didn't I end it all when I had the chance!' I cried wildly through my clenched teeth, tearing at my bosom like a madman.

"Gradually the man within me gained the upper hand and when, at last, de-

mon passion had loosened me from his fearful clutches, I was able to catch a scant hour's sleep.

"Morning came and with it a frightful terror for me. I was like Damocles of old with a sword suspended by a silken thread hanging over me. I was gloomy and sullen all day. My comrades noticed my melancholy air and chided me, but I was imperturbable. Once I noticed the official orderly apparently coming towards me and I could swear my heart actually beat faster; but he passed me without a word and still the sword hung over me.

"The day passed slowly, but uneventfully for me; as did a second day and a third. Finally a week passed, and I breathed a little more freely, although I still realized that the thread might at any moment break, and then—"and a little puckering of the lips and a little drop of the hands with an air of finality, admirably finished the general's sentence for him. The silence was indeed tense as Olnoff relit his cigar, puffed at it again and continued:

"It took me over a month to regain my good humor. At last I was my former self! I decided to gain permission to go to the village and there, with three of my comrades, to celebrate my miraculous and, as I already regarded it, certain escape.

"We went to the village and enjoyed ourselves and drank quite a little *vodka*, which, as you know, is a favorite drink with soldiers in Russia.

"As we were walking boisterously along the street, I saw on the opposite side of the street, a pair of gray eyes fixed upon me. At once I stopped. It was

the officer! Cold beads of sweat were on my forehead as I responded to his beckoning. I came to the position of attention before him and saluted.

"'I haven't reported you,' he said.

"I mumbled something and waited.

"'I will not report you,' he said. 'Do you understand? I will not report you!' he repeated as I stood dumbfounded before him.

"I made thanks as best I could and stood there not knowing what else to do.

"You may also write your father that *Count Alexis has repaid the service*. His account is clear."

"I saluted and turned away, but he laid a detaining hand on my arm.

"'I think,' he said with a twinkle in his eye, 'I think you and your comrades had better go to bed at once. Too much *vodka*!' and with that he was gone.

"I afterward learned from my father that he had saved this very officer from drowning when the latter was a boy, and the officer had repaid the service, as he put it, by sparing my life."

As Olnoff finished his story and again puffed his big, black cigar, each of his auditors drew a breath of relief in turn and relit his cigar or cigarette, as the case happened to be. Once more the buzz of conversation was heard around the table, each commenting upon the general's tale. Suddenly the little Frenchman, Delagrange, spoke:

"General," he said, "I want to ask you one question. This officer that you speak of, did you ever see or hear of him again?"

Olnoff had arisen from his chair and was about to join General Samaroff

who was at a near-by table. He blew a cloud of smoke and smiled.

"Gentlemen," he said quietly, "that

officer is my countryman and fellow envoy, Count Alexis Samaroff."

— R. L. '13.

THE SEA'S STORY.

The fog drifts in o'er the face of the moon,
Blown by the breath of the sea.
The waves wash up on the lonely sand
dune.
They bring many thoughts to me.

For the shores are far that those waves
have washed,
And many the clime they've seen;
From where Greenland's floes of ice they
have touched,
To forests of Caribbean.

Hearts that were hot as the tropical sun,
They've borne on their crested tops,
And gallons of innocent blood have run,
Where pirates merchantmen caught.

Both the conquerors bold and fugitives,
Have sailed through their trackless way.
Here the Pilgrims brought first the heart
that lives,
In America to-day.

The waves roll in with their song so old,
And boast of the days of yore;
When they carried loads of Spanish gold;
With it strewed the ocean floor.

But we know of treasures more precious
far,
Than the bullion lost so cold.
Of the lives of men and the deeds they did,
This story the sea has told.

—E. G. Stanwood, "14."



STORIETTES.

THE BIG SCOOP.

Harold Gray had made good! Taken on as a "cub" reporter by the Burton "Leader" three months ago, he had given entire satisfaction, covering his small assignments in a creditable manner. Everyone liked him for his good fellowship. He was an earnest worker, and already what he wrote was eagerly read for its terse, clear, and catchy style. Besides the "Leader" there were six other papers published in the large city of Burton, Penn. It was natural that Harold should take up journalism as his profession, for his father had been the "star" reporter of the Clinton "Record."

The city was in the greatest throes of excitement. Everybody was talking of the strike of the coal miners. Thousands of miners had gone on a strike to secure better working conditions and better wages. The price of coal was rapidly going up, and the country was somewhat alarmed. The strike was not confined to any one district, but extended all over the coal fields. Of course, this furnished column upon column for the newspapers. The "Leader" assigned Gray to "cover" the strike. The other papers also sent their men to the scene.

Gray was proud to have been chosen by the editor, and determined that his confidence should not be misplaced. When he arrived at a typical miner's town he decided to stop there and see what could be learned. He secured lodgings at a miner's house, the like of which might be found everywhere throughout the coal regions. He saw at first hand the pitiful conditions in the lives of the

miners. The result was that that night he telegraphed a short account of his observations, mentioning several pathetic little incidents that had fallen under his eye.

In all he stayed there four weeks, describing in rich and forceful details conditions as he found them. Starvation was staring the miners' families in the face. The men who controlled the mines had refused to accede to the demands of the strikers. Neither side would give in, and there was a fair prospect that the strike would run far into the winter. Gray's accounts of the strike, read by many, called forth numerous protests against the mine controllers for their stubbornness. Some even called it "greed" and "sordidness."

At the end of the fourth week, six of the mine owners appeared in the town where Gray was staying. They were visiting some of the towns near the mines to see what signs there were of weakening on the part of the miners. The truth of the matter was that they themselves were becoming a trifle anxious at the unexpected strength of the miners in "holding out" for so long a time. Gray called on them representing the readers of the "Leader." He summarized the strike, showing them vividly the hard, toiling lives that the miners led, and the miserable houses that they lived in. Then he told how muscular and brawny these foreigners were when they first entered the mines as youths, and how they became aged and bent and worn out before their time. Finally he spoke of the large families dependent on them, and he closed by strongly urging the committee to come at

once to an agreement with the strikers.

The committee listened to him, and, at the close, agreed to see what measures could be taken towards a reconciliation. The mine controllers told Gray to send for a representative committee of the strikers. After two conferences an agreement was reached by which the miners were to return to work immediately.

Each side had given up something, but it was generally satisfactory to both parties. The important demands of the strikers were granted. Both sides tendered a vote of thanks to Gray for his help in the affair. Most of the reporters of the other papers had been recalled, the editors thinking that the strike would go on unceasingly. There was no other reporter in the town where Gray made his headquarters, and where the committees had arbitrated. Gray sent a complete story to his paper, telling how the strike had ended, and mentioning his part in the affair.

The next morning the "Leader" came out with this important bit of news in glaring headlines. There was a picture of Harold Gray, and his name, always coupled with the announcement that he was a "Leader" reporter, was frequently mentioned in the article which had been filled out by another reporter. There was not the least reference to the strike settlement in any other newspaper. It was a clean scoop!

J. M. H., '14.

A RUSE THAT FAILED.

Once when I was several sizes smaller than I am today, I was in a country town in Vermont spending a part of my vacation. Now as a youngster I resented very strongly being sent off to bed before the rest went. It seemed to me that it belittled my dignity, of which

commodity I always had a superabundant supply on hand.

On this particular night, I determined to baffle the sinister designs of my elders by staying up as late as they. So seating myself in an arm-chair, I took a newspaper and opening it began to read. The others were playing some card game and the to me uninteresting talk over the table, combined with my natural propensity for dozing, was over-powering.

I closed my eyes, of course just for a minute but that minute became two, three, and I know not how many more. My protecting rampart of newspaper sank lower and lower. Suddenly it seemed that it was struck from my hand. I jumped to the conclusion that some one suspecting my condition had taken that way of exposing me.

I sprang up indignant at such an unjust idea. I shouted in a tremendously loud voice, "Hi, there"; that, it seemed, ought to prove my wakefulness. Imagine my consternation, however. Everybody jumped as if a bomb had been exploded in the room. They had not been near me and had probably forgotten my existence. I was exposed and amidst the laughter of all was sent to bed.

E. G. S., '14.

THE CALL OF THE SONG.

As the school bell clanged its warning that it was nearly nine o'clock, a few straggling children hastened to heed it with surprising alacrity. Finally the nine-o'clock bell rang and doors were noisily closed as the morning prayer began.

A very old man was walking slowly along the streets, using a cane for support. His short, but well-built frame told of former great physical strength, while his shoulders were rounded from the weight of his cares and worries. His horny hand tightly clenched the head of his cane as he walked painfully along; yet his weather-beaten countenance would lighten up with a kindly smile every now and then, as if beaming upon some phantom face before him. His clothes, shabby in the extreme, spoke of his poverty. He suggested to one that he had performed manual labor all his life, a toiler, yes, a veritable "Man with the Hoe."

He had already reached the school-house when one of the classes began its morning song. As the clear young voices sent forth the sweet melody, the old man stopped and turned toward the open window of the school-room.

*"The Lord is my shepherd;
He maketh me to lie down in green
pastures."*

As he recognized the sacred words, he bared his gray old head. His shoulders were straight while the cane now hung loosely in his hand. His face, illuminated by an almost divine light, spoke of his emotion.

Poverty and solitude had almost chilled his lonely heart, but the children's song touched his heart-strings and awakened once more within his aged breast the long dormant spark of companionship. He felt that the whole world sympathized with him and in the ecstasy of his dream, forgot the rebuffs and affronts he had suffered. His mind went back to his boyhood days, long

since gone by, when he had romped about the fields, a bare-foot, rosy-cheeked youngster, the heavens his roof and Mother Earth his floor.

Suddenly the singing ceased. The green grass faded away, and in its place was the cold, hard pavement. The old man turned away with a deep sigh. He threw one backward glance at the school-house and, a care-worn smile on his weather-beaten countenance, proceeded on his way, his shoulders rounded again, and once more leaning on his cane for support.—R. L. '13.

A FALL DAY'S SPORT

It was a perfect day. I stood in the clearing that the wood-choppers had made two winters before, which was just beginning to send up a young growth. The air was cool and clear, everything standing out distinctly, even the trees on the distant hill sides. The sun shone brightly, and with that heat which one can feel when seated on the sheltered side of a stump or a fallen tree, which vanishes, however, on stepping into the open.

The ground was covered with fallen leaves, some of the companions of which still clung to the branches in their bright fall regalia, rustling as the wind swayed the tops of the trees. There was just that fall tang in the air which can be felt but not described. The carpet of leaves made every step taken in the brush sound as if a waste paper basket had been emptied. Although this was fine when a partridge was scuffling about in search of berries, it proved very annoying when one had been patiently trying to approach that bird only to hear

go up on the opposite side of the thicket. However, it was not always on the wrong side.

I left the clearing and crossed a road which went through the woods, followed it for a little way, then turned up a path to the left which led through a section fortunate enough to have escaped the ravages of the choppers. It had at some time been a wood road but was now unused and forgotten. In places where there were little openings in the woods the way was grass-covered, and on either side were scrub birch with an occasional young pine interspersed. Many smaller paths crossed and recrossed among these, some worn by the rabbits and others by the steps of amateur sportsmen like myself.

Further along the growth changed to an almost impenetrable hedge of spruce and pine. Here it was dark and restful. Only a few spots of light filtered through the closely interwoven branches, and these lay on the thick mat of needles underfoot as if somebody had emptied there the pot of gold which is said to lie at the end of the rainbow.

I crossed a brook. The smooth black water flowed quietly under the log which served as a bridge. There is an old and wary trout in that deep hole under the bank, but I am not after him this time.

I went on and came to a path which branches from the main trail and goes through a less heavily wooded country. Brrrupp! Whang! and the fumes of nitro powder drifted to my nostrils.

"I wonder if I got him," was my thought; for against the dark background of low branched spruces a partridge had flown

"on thunder wings" from a little opening where doubtless he had been dining on berries. I was looking for the dead and wounded. Two more birds flew from almost under my nose. I started to raise my gun, then stopped, blaming my carelessness, for I had replaced my used shell and I had only a single barrel. By the time I had reloaded, all chances of another shot were gone; so I picked up my solitary bird and went on.

Once I came to a place where the brush was heavy on all sides. Then from some hidden place before me a bird went up. I looked but all was motionless. Behind me I heard the roll of wings five times and a soft "whish, whish" as the birds settled or rather tumbled up from the ground to a branch—six in all and I did not see one. So the day passed and, as it began to grow dusk, I turned towards home.

It was almost night, I had recrossed the clearing and gone by another path through different woods. I was on my way across a lightly wooded field to the railroad track which I intended to follow until it crossed the road with the tall white "Stop! Look! and Listen!" sign.

All at once there was a loud explosion nearly under my feet. I jumped about a yard into the air and when I landed, I watched with admiring gaze my last chance at a partridge disappearing among the birches.

I stood motionless until he was gone, then coming to myself ran into the bush, where I finally fired hopefully at the hole of a pine tree. Nothing came of the shot except splinters. Turning, I again started for home knowing a little more but not much about partridges than when I had started.

E. G. S. '14.



SCHOOL NOTES

To the masters, the old and the new members of the school, the *Register* extends its cordial greetings.

* * * *

In undertaking its duties, the staff of the *Register* has made several changes, which, it is hoped, will benefit the paper. The subscription price has been reduced to 50c, thereby placing it within reach of all; the staff has been increased to ten members, the additional member to be chosen from Class III., thereby making the paper more representative of the school; and each issue will be out promptly on the first of each month, save the June number, which will be delayed to contain the names of prize winners. In undertaking this last step of issuing the paper on time, we must have the co-operation of the school in supplying us promptly with manuscript. The *Register* box is located at the door of the teachers' room. Anything in the line of short stories, poems, jokes, cartoons, or athletic notes will be cordially welcomed.

* * * *

Owing to the fact that the June *Register* was issued after school closed, many boys did not receive their copies, as they were lost in the mail. We still have a few extra copies of this issue left, and will gladly give them to boys for the asking, while they last.

By the time this reaches the school, the room reporters will have been appointed and assigned to their duties.

The *Register* has been criticised in the past for the scarcity of its jokes. It has always been the policy of the paper to publish none but original jokes. Naturally the source of this vein of humor is the class-room, where mistranslations and the like abound. Therefore, if the *Register* does not contain enough jokes to suit you, blame your room reporter. Wake up, reporters, and earn your salary!

* * * *

At the opening exercises, Thursday, September 12th, Mr. Pennypacker read a selection from the 4th Chapter of the Book of Proverbs, which, he explained, had been read on the opening day for over 100 years. After the "Star Spangled Banner" had been rendered, Mr. Pennypacker gave a short talk in which he emphasized the fact that the Latin School was a public school, and a free school, belonging to the country. This school was a place for work, he said, and a place whose results are tested by outside authorities, and, finally, a place where honesty, truth telling, a square deal, and fairness have prevailed ever since this country was settled.

* * * *

While the assignments of lessons on the first day may have seemed harsh to the new boys, no doubt, by this time

they are accustomed to the routine and are deep in their books. Let them remember that a good start will achieve wonders and once this is obtained, their daily tasks will become largely a matter of habit.

* * * *

Early this month candidates for the staff positions from Classes II. and III. will be asked to hand in their names. Candidates must be good writers and the preference will always be given to those who have written something for the *Register*.

* * * *

Louis H. Bauer, '05, Harvard Medical School, '12, delivered a commencement oration, entitled "The Social Worker and the Physician," at the Harvard Commencement last June.

* * * *

Frederick Cheever Shattuck, '64, received an honorary degree as Doctor of Science at Harvard Commencement.

* * * *

At the meeting of the Harvard Alumni Association on the afternoon of Commencement, Professor John Chipman Gray, B. L. S., 55, presided, and the following distinguished graduates of the Latin School were present:--Major Henry Lee Higginson, '51, Dr. Frederick C. Shattuck, '64, and Arthur T. Cabot, '68.

* * * *

Henry M. Rogers, '69, was one of the speakers at Commencement.

* * * *

Among the members of the Harvard Club of Berlin, is Macy M. Skinner, '90.

Francis Green—ex '12, has entered Worcester Academy.

* * * *

H. C. Perkins, '12, is in the real estate business at Butte, Montana.

* * * *

B. E. Cashin, '12, has entered Burdett's Business College.

* * * *

At the time this issue went to press, drill had not yet commenced, but from the present outlook there will be three very large battalions. A roster will be published in the *Register* as soon as available.

* * * *

Greek is not so unpopular after all. Contrary to custom, Room 18 is composed entirely of Greek students and several extra seats were needed to accommodate the overflow.

* * * *

Come on, fellows, get out and root for the football team. It has games scheduled with Melrose, Newton, Brookline, Mechanic Arts, and of course English High, and these places are within easy access of Boston. Give the team some encouragement!

* * * *

The teaching staff remains unchanged, save for the addition of Mr. F. J. O'Brien, as teacher of Algebra, and English in Room 26. Mr. O'Brien is by no means a stranger to the boys of the Latin School, having coached athletics here for over three years, and he is liked and respected by all for his interest and sportsmanship, whether he develops a winning or a losing team.

The first Public Declamation takes place on Friday, October 18th.

* * * *

Many of last year's graduating class have visited school recently. Dukeshire, Drummey, Gillis, and Carpenter were with us for a short visit last week. Dukeshire has entered a Medical School in New York State.

* * * *

Many of the masters have changed rooms this year. Mr. Baker is teaching the 6th class in Room 1. Mr. French is occupying Room 4, and Mr. Dole is in Room 26.

* * * *

The lunch-room is crowded more than ever this year. Nothing the matter with the appetites, eh, fellows?

* * * *

Among the improvements to the building are the installation of electric lights in many of the rooms, the painting and whitening of the walls and ceilings, and the installation of many new desks. The statuary in Room 18 has been whitened and looks much better.

* * * *

In order to conduct the *Register* on a sound, financial basis, it is necessary to carry advertisements. It has been the care of the business management to solicit advertising from merchants who cater to the trade of Latin School boys. You can reciprocate by giving your patronage to our advertisers. You will not only benefit yourself but the *Register* as well.

A. A. Tate, E. W. Soucy, and R. C. King, all of last year's football team are on the squad of the Harvard Freshman football team, and should make valuable football material to Harvard later on.

* * * *

M. J. Logan and S. Temple are on the Harvard Varsity squad this year, and Logan is generally regarded as first choice for quarter-back.

* * * *

Leo Daley, '12, is now at Andover Academy and should be a valuable man for the football team there.

* * * *

H. M. Snow, ex '10, is now at the Brookline High School, and seems to be first choice for right half-back on the football team. Snow is also Assistant Business Manager on the school paper.

* * * *

The Boston Globe, of September 22, 1912, says, speaking of the Harvard football material:—"Just now the coaches have their eyes on Cleary, a stalwart 185-pound man, who is built beautifully for tackle, but who has played no football for several years. He was very good at the Boston Latin School, where he was captain and played tackle."

* * * *

Simmons, '10, is captain of the Harvard Lacrosse team this year.



3.3.10

Although we lost many men by graduation Captain Craven hopes, with Mr. O'Brien's coaching, to develop a team which will be a credit to the Latin School.

On Friday, the 13th, a big meeting was held in Mr. O'Brien's room. He discussed the new rules briefly, and stated what his plans for the year were.

There were over fifty candidates who reported besides the veterans of last year; Craven, McCarthy, Saladine, Gersumky, Berman and Green. Among the most promising are Webber, Tarrant, O'Dowd, Martin, O'Callaghan, Reiser, Tyler, Walsh, Rogers, Kelley, and Dullea. The first practice of the year was held on Monday the 16th at the Columbus Ave. Playgrounds. As we have no grounds of our own, we must play almost all of our games away from home. Support the team as much as you can, by attending the games, even if they are at a distance. When you go to a game between our school and that of an out-of-town school, you will see on one side of the

field a body of enthusiastic followers cheering and encouraging their team, and by their support helping their team considerably. On the other side are a handful of Latin School fellows trying to oppose the other School. This they cannot succeed in doing. The team needs our support, and we ought to be at the games to cheer them whether they should happen to be winning or losing.

Manager Bail has arranged the following schedule:—

Groton School at Groton.....	Sept. 28
Melrose at Melrose.....	Oct. 2
Newburyport at Newburyport	5
Newton at Newton (Colum. Day)."	12
St. Mark's School at Southboro.."	16
Brookline at Brookline.....	23
Lowell at Lowell.....	26
Winchester at Winchester.....	30
Rock Ridge School at Wellesley Nov.	2
Beverly at Beverly.....	9
Mechan'c Arts at Boston.....	16
English High at Boston	

(Thanksgiving) " 28

M. P. B. '13



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